

Troilus and Cressida.

My Will enkindled by mine eyes and eares,
Two traded Pylots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of Will, and Iudgement. How may I auoyde
(Although my will distaste what it elected)
The Wife I chose, there can be no euasion
To blench from this, and to stand firme by honour.
We turne not backe the Silkes vpon the Merchant
When we haue spoyle'd them; nor the remainder Viands
We do not throw in vnerspectiue same,
Because we now are full. It was thought meete
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greekes;
Your breath of full consent bellied his Sailes,
The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) tooke a Truce,
And did him seruice; he touch'd the Ports desir'd,
And for an old Aunt whom the Greekes held Captiue,
He brought a Grecian Queen, whose youth & freshnesse
Wrinkles *Apolloes*, and makes stale the morning.
Why keepe we her? the Greeksian keepe our Aunt:
Is she worth keeping? Why she is a Pearle,
Whose price hath launch'd about a thousand Ships,
And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants.
If you'l auouch, 'twas wisdome *Paris* went,
(As you must needs, for you all cride, Go, go:)
If you'l confesse, he brought home Noble prize,
(As you must needs) for you all clapt your hands,
And cride inestimable; why do you now
The issue of your proper Wisdomes rate,
And do a deed that Fortune neuer did?
Begger the estimation which you priz'd,
Richer then Sea and Land? O Theft most base!
That we haue stolne what we do feare to keepe.
But Thebes vnworthy of a thing so stolne,
That in their Country did them that disgrace,
We feare to warrant in our Native place.

Enter Cassandra with her haire about her eares.

Cas. Cry Troyans, cry.

Priam. What noyse? what shreeke is this?

Troy. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voyce.

Cas. Cry Troyans.

Hell. It is *Cassandra*.

Cas. Cry Troyans cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with Prophetick teares.

Hell. Peace sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins, and Boyes; mid-age & wrinkled old,
Soft infancie; that nothing can but cry,
Adde to my clamour: let vs pay betimes
A noy of that masse of moane to come.

Cry Troyans cry, practise your eyes with teares,
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilium stand,
Our fire-brand Brother *Paris* burnes vs all.

Cry Troyans cry, a *Helen* and a woe;

Cry, cry, Troy burnes, or else let *Helen* goe.

Hell. Now youthfull *Troilus*, do not these hie strains

Of diuination in our Sister worke

Some touches of remorse? Or is your blood

So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,

Nor feare of bad successe in a bad cause,

Can qualifie the same?

Troy. Why Brother *Hektor*,

We may not thinke the iustnesse of each acte

Such, and no other then euent doth forme it,

Nor once direct the courage of our mindes;

Because *Cassandra's* mad, her brainesicke raptures

Cannot distaste the goodnesse of a quarrell,

Which hath our seuerall Honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my priuate part,
I am no more touch'd, then all *Priams* sonnes,
And loue forbid there should be done among't vs
Such things as might offend the weakest spleene,
To fight for, and maintaine.

Par. Else might the world conuince of leuitie,
As well my vnder-takings as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gauo wings to my propension, and cut off
All feares attending on so dire a proiect.
For what (alas) can these my single armes?
What propugnation is in one mans valour
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrell would excite? Yet I protest,
Were I alone to passe the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I haue will,
Paris should ne'r retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuite.

Pri. *Paris*, you speake
Like one be-sotted on your sweet delights;
You haue the Hony still, but these the Gall,
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not meere to my selfe,
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it:
But I would haue the soyle of her faire Rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What Treason were it to the ransack'd Queene,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliuer her possession vp
On termes of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosomes?
There's not the meanest spirit on our partie,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: nor none so Noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death vntam'd,
Where *Helen* is the subiect. Then (I say)
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The worlds large spaces cannot parallell.

Hell. *Paris* and *Troilus*, you haue both said well:
And on the cause and question now in hand,
Haue glaz'd, but superficially; not much
Vnlike young men, whom *Aristotle* thought
Vnsit to heare Morall Philosophie.

The Reasons you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemp'rd blood,
Then to make vp a free determination
Twixt right and wrong: For pleasure, and reuenge,
Haue eares more deafe then Adders, to the voyce
Of any true decision. Nature craves

All dues be rendred to their Owners: now
What neerer debt in all humanity,
Then Wife is to the Husband? If this law
Of Nature be corrupted through affection,

And that great mindes of partiall indulgence,
To their benumbed wills resist the same,
There is a Law in each well-ordred Nation,
To curbe those raging appetites that are

Most disobedient and refracturie.

If *Helen* then be wife to Sparta's King
(As it is knowne she is) these Morall Lawes

Of Nature, and of Nation, speake aloud
To haue her backe return'd. Thus to perfit

In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heauie. *Hektors* opinion

Troilus and Cressida.

Is this in way of truth: yet nere the lesse,
My spritley brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keepe *Helen* still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no meane dependance,
Vpon our ioynt and seuerall dignities.

Tro. Why? there you toucht the life of our designe:
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Then the performance of our heauing spleenes,
I would not wish a drop of *Troian* blood,
Spent more in her defence. But worthy *Hektor*,
She is a theame of honour and renowne,
A spurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose present courage may beate downe our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize vs.
For I presume braue *Hektor* would not loose
So rich aduantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles vpon the fore-head of this action,
For the wide worlds reueneu.

Hell. I am yours,
You valiant off-spring of great *Priamus*,
I haue a roisting challenge sent among't
The dull and factious nobles of the Greekes,
Will strike amazement to their drowisie spirits,
I was aduertiz'd, their Great generall slept,
Whil't emulation in the armie crept:
This I presume will wake him.

Exeunt.

Enter Therites solus.

How now *Therites*? what lost in the Labyrinth of thy
furie? Shall the Elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beates
me, and I raile at him: O worthy satisfaction, would it
were otherwise: that I could beate him, whil't he rail'd
at me: Sfoote, Ile learne to coniure and raise Diuels, but
Ile see some issue of my spitefull execrations. Then ther's
Achilles, arare Engineer. If *Troy* be not taken till these two
vndermine it, the wals will stand till they fall of them-
selues. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget
that thou art *Joue* the King of gods: and *Mercury*, loose
all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if thou take not
that little little lesse then little wit from them that they
haue, which short-arm'd ignorance it selfe knowes, is so
abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliuer a
Flye from a Spider, without drawing the masse Irons and
cutting the web: after this, the vengeance on the whole
Camp, or rather the bone-ach, for that me thinkes is the
curse dependant on those that warre for a placket. I haue
said my prayers and diuell, enuie, say Amen: What ho?
my Lord *Achilles*?

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? *Therites*. Good *Therites* come
in and raile.

Ther. If I could haue remembred a guilt counterfeit,
thou would'st not haue slipt out of my contemplation,
but it is no matter, thy selfe vpon thy selfe. The common
curse of mankind, follie and ignorance be thine in great
reueneu; heauen blesse thee from a Tutor, and Discipline
come not neere thee. Let thy blood be thy direction till
thy death, then if the that laies thee out sayes thou art a
faire coarfe, Ile be sworne and sworne vpon't she neuer
shrowded any but Lazars, Amen. Wher's *Achilles*?

Patr. What art thou deuout? wast thou in a prayer?

Ther. I, the heauens heare me.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. *Therites*, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where
my digestion, why hast
Table, so many meales?

Ther. Thy Comman-
dus, what's *Achilles*?

Patr. Thy Lord *Ther-*
what's thy selfe?

Ther. Thy knower *P-*
what art thou?

Patr. Thou maist tell
Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. Ile declin the w-
mands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is
er, and *Patroclus* is a fool

Patr. You rascall.
Ter. Peace foole, I ha-

Achil. He is a priuile-
Ther. *Agamemnon* is

Ter. *Agamemnon* is
siter is a foole, and as afo-

Achil. Deriue this? co-
Ther. *Agamemnon* is a

Achilles, *Achilles* is a foole to
Therites is a foole to seru-

foole positue.
Patr. Why am I a fo-

Enter Agamemnon,
Ajax,

Ther. Make that dem-
thou art. Looke you, wh-

Achil. *Patroclus*, Ile
with me *Therites*.

Ther. Here is such pa-
knauerie: all the argume-

good quarrel to draw en-
death vpon: Now the dr-

We dare not moue the q-
Warre and Lecherie con-

Agam. Where is *Ach-*
Patr. Within his Tent

Agam. Let it be know-
He sent our Messengers,

Our appertainments, visi-
Let him be told of, so per-

We dare not moue the q-
Or know not what we ar-

Patr. I shall so say to h-
Ulis. We saw him at

He is not sicke.
Aia. Yes, Lyon sick-

call it Melancholly if wi-
head, i'tis pride; but why

A word my Lord.
Nes. What moues *Ai-*

Ulis. *Achilles* hath inu-
Nes. Who, *Therites*?

Ulis. He.
Nes. Then will *Aia-*

Argument.
Ulis. No, you see he is

ment *Achilles*.
Nes. All the better, t-

then their faction; but
Foole could disunite.

Ulis. The amitie that
easily vntie.